

Michael Ball

"The Boy From Nowhere"

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The nights grow cold
My search for gold is leading nowhere
Whichever lonely road I take it seems to go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow

How can I display
What I know I'm worthy of
When they turn me away.

The doors are closed to such as I
A Boy from Nowhere
But not to those who merely buy the right to go where
There'll be men with respect not humiliation

A man's place on earth
I have come to realise is decided by birth.

So what's the future?
No matter where I go
I will still belong
In Andalusia
Where we don't know where the next penny's coming
from -
Something's wrong
I vow to Spain, I won't remain a Boy from Nowhere
There has to be a place for me and I must go where

I don't fantasise, like a million others
Not a man alive
Had to beg or steal or fight for the need to survive

So what's the future?
No matter where I go, I will still belong
In Andalusia
The good honest men grow weak and the rich grow
strong
Something's wrong

Another dawn, another morn
A Boy from Nowhere
My destiny will guarantee that I must go where
It's a fight to survive just until tomorrow

One more mouth to feed
And the way things are round here
That's the last thing they need

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